THE AUTHOR OF "SETH JONES"
AND HIS WEST POINT LIFE.

An Interview in Which Mr. Edward S. Ellis Talks of the Days of the Stirring Literature With Wholesome Lessons That He Helped

WEST POINT, June 22. The recent editorial article in THE SUN on the Beadle Dime Novels of a generation ago, which has brought out so much pleasant reminiscent comment, was of special interest to people at the West Point army post, for the reason that Mr. Edward S. Ellis, who, when a young man is his teens, wrote some of the most popular stories in all the fascinating series, is not only a member of the military colony here, but personally one of the most generally popular members of the little reservation community. Mr. Ellis is not himself in the Government service in any way, but is closely connected with the army by family ties-ties which in a few months will be still further strengthened by the marriage of his daughter, Miriam, to Second Lieut Hillman of Indiana, who was a member of the class of 1900 that was graduated from the Academy last Wednesday, Mr. Ellis's son, Lieut. W. P. Ellis of the Fourth Artillery, is a young army officer of an excellent record in the service, and is now detailed here as an instructor in the Academy

It is with this son that Mr. Ellis is now living He has made his home here since the death of a daughter which occurred last winter while she was a student in Vassar College. Her loss was a sad blow to Mr. Ellis and made his life so lonely in his former home that he came here with his daughter Miriam soon after the child he lost was buried in the army cemetery here last Christmas time, and has lived here ever since. Lieut. Ellis's home, where his father and his sister are now living with him. is one of the row of pretty brick cottages built for officers upon the hillside that overlooks the winding, shaded road to the cemetery, and have in front of them the wide, magnificent reach of the Hudson that stretches away north ward to the dim. blue hills beyond Newburgh and is framed on the east and on the west by the grim walls of the Storm King and Crow Nest mountains. Away down below and creeping out from beyond the steep descent on the crest of which that architectural nightmare, the hotel, stands you may see the wooded extremity of Constitution Island where lives Miss Warner, who, in collaboration with her sister Susan-the latter asleep these many years over in the army cemetery-wrote "Beulah," "The Wide, Wide World" and many other centle romances of quiet American home life that our mothers and grandmothers in their beflounced and hoopskirted youth set great store by. It is one of the quietest, most secluded nooks on all the reservation, the place where Mr. Ellis lives; with the Rev. Herbert Shipman Chaplain of the post, for next door neighbor, and beyond Mr. Shipman's home the beautifu Catholic chapel that was dedicated a week age last Sunday.

last Sunday.

So if the worthy fogies of the day lament that they cannot renew their youth with a sight of one of the Beadle "salmon covers" they may know now just where they may find the one who perhaps more than any other had to do with the making of that fairy land, with its honest, hearty, out-of-door atmosphere and healthy balsamic forest odors, which lay between the covers.

and healthy balsamic forest odors, which lay between the covers.

"I don't know where you would find more than one of them now," said Mr. Ellis, laughing, as he fumbled in the depths of a drawer in his desk, "and that is the tattered specimen I have here somewhere. Oh, here it is, 'Seth Jones.' I was 19 when I wrote it and living down at Red Bank. Dear me, what a long time ago it seems! And I'm not such an old fellow either—only 80!"

He might have said 50 and nobody ever would have dreamed of disputing him. His hair and short beard are only a prime-of-life iron gray and there is a color in his cheek, a clear snap in his eye and a springy vigor in every movement that many a man of 40 might envy.

every movement that many a man of 40 might envy.

"Yes," he continued, "I was born out in Ohio—in Geneva, Ashtabula county, in 1840. That makes me just 60 this year. But I did not live in Ohio long. My father moved to New Jersey when I was 6 years old and I lived in that State most of my life.

"I will tell you about Seth Jones.' It seems quite a funny story to me now, as I recall it, although then, as you may well believe, it was a very momentous and serious epoch with me. It was in 1850 that it was published. The with ind bert Adams, had hit upon the scheme of pub, hing, new and original novels at 10 cents each." It was not the intention that they should be boys books merely. But they were to be clean and health ovetories which boys could read. Lots of go and seep and advenged.

should be obys books which. But they were to be clean and health octories which boys could read. Lots of go and sapp and adventure were wanted in them. That was all. The Beadles came from Cooperstow and maybe that fact had something to do with fixing with them the idea of the type of stdry they wanted. They both were great admirers of Fenimore Cooper, as, indeed, so wal I for that matter. So it was stories of hunting and Indians and frontier adventure that they had in mind and that I naturally took to when I set out to write a story for them.

"I had had no previous arrangement with them. I just wrote the story when I was 19 years old and teaching school down in Red Bank and sent in the manuscript. I wont say anything about how I held my breath while I waited the issue of this tremendous venture. And it is not necessary to tell you on what gold-fringed clouds I soared when I received a letter from them asking me to come to see them in

I waited the issue of this tremendous venture. And it is not necessary to tell you on what gold-fringed clouds I soared when I received a letter from them asking me to come to see them in the city. Perhaps it is superfluous also to tell you that I went.

"Well. it seemed that Seth Jones was exactly what they wanted. It was not about its acceptance they wanted to see me. That was already settled. It was about making an arrangement with me to write four books a year for them and we very quickly struck a bargain. I have forgotten just what they paid me for Seth Jones—so much a page. Their regular prices for a story ran from \$75 to \$125 and even as high as \$250. They paid Ann H. Stephens 1200. She wrote the first book of the dime series which they published. "Malaeska or the Indian Bride of the White Hunter,' it was called.

"But it was with 'Seth Jones' that the fame and fortune of the Beadle series began. It was not the merit of the book so pray don't think I am blowing my own horn. It was the inzenious way in which it was advertised. The book happened just to suit them. It was exactly the kind of story they had in mind when they planned the series. So they had a solemn conference—the two Beadles and Adams—as to how they should advertise it. And the plan they him to be series and painted inscriptions demanding to know 'Who is Seth Jones' Everywhere you went this query met you. It glared at you in staring letters on the sidewalks. It came fluttering in to you on little dodgers thrust by the handful into the Broadway stages, which ran in those days. It got to be a catchword and a loke of the day. The theatres and the travelling shows was. It got to be a catchword and a loke of the day. The theatres and the travelling shows took it up and billed announcements that the identy of the mysterious Seth would be revealed to all the favored ones who attended their entertainments. It got to be like the absurd 'as to us Lambert?' which was so long one of the popular fooleries of Paris. And just when it had begun to say 'Dann

coon-skin cap, rifle and all. And above of below this imposing figure in large type were the words:

"I am Seth Jones."

"That advertisement was the making of the Beadles And, dear me, how Seth Jones did sell." I saw bales of thousands upon thousands of copies of the book made up for shipment to all parts of the country. And then came the war and the demand for light reading from our solders in the field, and the Beadles shipped off their novels to the armies by the tens of thousands. The firm made a great fortune and Irwin P. Beadle retired and went back to Cooperstown to live. He ran for Congress up there, but failed to be elected. He and his brothers, E. F. and Robert Adams, are all dead. I helieve, now.

"And, speaking of Seth Jones again, Irwin Beadle told me a story of an enisode that happened once when he was crossing the Atlantic and that amused him very much. When they were several days out at sea a well-known

and that amused him very much. When they were several days out at sea a well-known New Yorker who was on board and was a man or nuch gravity and dignity of bearing. appeared at the smoking-room door and with much seriousness of manner asked Mr. Beadle if he would not come out; there was a little private matter he would like to ask him about "Mr. Beadle compiled, of course, although wondering much what the subject could be that involved so much secrecy and solemnity. The gentleman led the way to a remote part of the dock, where nobody was near, and then, with a very grave, almost a stern face, leaned over until his mouth was close to Mr. Beadle's ear, and then at the top of his voice bellowed: "Who is Seth Jones?"

The Beadles were at 141 William street, over Sands's Grug store, when they began publishing the dime novels, but they afterward moved to 52 John, which last place was always associated with their name and the home of the dime novel. The mistake they made was when they tried to follow in Mun-

ro's footsteps after he left them and began publishing trash. The Beadles had always a high, healthy standard of books in their minds. I myself saw the letter from Mayne Reid agreeing to write for them, although he, like others, could not follow them when they went into the trash field. I could not stand it myself any longer and frankly told them so. But I wrote a number of stories for them after 'Seth Jones' and in fact continued to do so until Munro left the Beadles and they lost their heads. They went into Munro's other publications—a 10-cent magazine among other things—but none of them succeeded and they lost a good deal of money. The Beadles had a branch house in London and several of the novels were translated into many languages, 'Seth Jones' among them. I have even seen a copy of 'Seth Jones' done into Welsh.

"There is this to be said about the old dime novel, that there was nothing in it to injure anybody, or anything in it that anybody, man, woman, boy or girl, might not read. It may be that the heroes performed some rather remarkable hunting exploits and exterminated a good many Indians who were bad Indians and wanted scalps. But it was all an out-of-doors hardy life that was depicted and the heroes were manly, clean-minded heroes. The moral of the stories was good. The human qualities that were exalted in them were the nobler qualities—have not to regret that either in the dime novels or any of my other books I have written anything that would injure anybody.

Mr. Ellis many years ago abandoned teaching, although it was not until he had established a reputation of being among the very first instructors in the country and an authority on all educational matters. He has written a great number of valuable histories, among the last "The Youth's History of the United States," which is a standard work in its class. Iie is now engaged on a series of short histories to be brought out soon by one of the leading publishing houses.

The boys' books and general children's literature be has written would make q Make-The Beadles and Their Methods.

publishing houses.

The boys' books and general children's literature he has written would make quite a library and have carried his name to all quarters of the globe. Only the other day he got a warm letter from an admirer in far-off New Zealand and a recent number of the London Little Folks contained a sketch of him and a description of how he works, together with a full-page picture of his library with him standing at the queer, pulpit-like structure on which his typewriter rests, for Mr. Ellis does all his work standing and with the typewriter.

Perhaps the happy, youthful atmosphere in which Mr. Ellis has lived so much in the making of his books has something to do with it, but in all the household on the hillside where he lives there is none younger in spirit than he, and if external indications mean anything they mean that he is booked to see as many years as has his mother, who is still living and at the age of 86 is in excellent health and keenly alive to all that is going on in the world about her. oublishing houses.

The boys' books and general children's liter

### OUEERED BY HIS COLORS.

Two Odd Experiences on the Track of John Cregan, the Princeton Athlete.

Among the athletes that have sailed from this country to compete in the international athletic games at the Paris Exposition is John Cregan, captain of the Princeton track team and holder of the intercollegiate record for the mile run. On the day of his departure a friend of his who was on the dock and saw him standing on the deck of the St. Louis, laughed

standing on the deek will get himself disliked and said:
"I wonder if Johnny will get himself disliked by the Frenchmen and have them leaning over the ropes that bound the track and yelling. 'A bas Cregap, as he comes under the wire

"Why should they?" asked THE SUN man, to whom the remark was addressed.
"Only because he is the most unfortunate man on earth to displease the crowd by the display of the colors under which he runs," was the reply. "Johnny started in his athletic work at Princeton and the first time that he ran under the Princeton colors was on Aug. was the reply. "Johnny started in his athletic work at Princeton and the first time that he ran under the Princeton colors was on Aug. 5, 1897, in the Ancient Order of Hibernian games at Albany. Johnny was very proud of the Princeton colors and the band of orange ribbon across his athletic clest was a wonder in width. This in itself would have been enough to make him an object of suspicion to the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, but it was not a marker to the rest of his decoration. The Princeton Athletic Association had just bought new caps and on the front of them was embroidered the monogram of the association. To the person who viewed the cap, the monogram looked like this: "A. P. A."

"When that monogram was discovered it confirmed the suspicion that Johnny was a full breed Orangeman. The crowd greeted him with insulting remarks when he lined up for the start of the mile run. At first Johnny tall also houted and took things easy. The crowd howied with giec when they saw the supposed Orangeman fully one hundred feet in the rear and shouted and yelled to their champions to distance the interloper. The result was that every other man in the race ran his legs off, and just as Johnny put on his spurt, when they sarted on the last lap, and began to forge ahead, the trouble broke loose.

"Johnny came down the track like a whirlwind, at least fifty feet ahead of his nearest competitor. The crowd hung over the fence and such cries as Kill the Sassenach!" Tell with the Orangeman" and "Throw him off the track!" were hurled at him as he seed across the tape a winner. Men were shaking their fists at him and cursing him, and Johnny dis-

track!' were huried at him as he sped across the tape a winner. Men were shaking their fists at him and cursing him, and Johnny discreetly made a retreat to the dressing room. There he innocently asked what was wrong and why the crowd had it in for him. When he discovered the cause, he laughd and took it as a good joke.

"That was his first experience, but he had one other that was equally funny. In 1898, Johnny joined the New York Athletic Club. The first time that he wore the colors of that club was on July 4, 1898. The country was in a ferment of excitement and patriotism over the victory of Sampson's fleet at Santiago. Johnny of course would not run without his Princeton colors and of course, he had to wear the New York Athletic Club colors. The games were at Bergen Point, under the auspices of the New Jersey Athletic Club. When Johnny appeared on the field for the mile run, he was again greeted with hisses and cat calls. Again was he called names and again did the crowd root for him to be beaten and groan when they saw him win by a big magin. Again Cregan made a quick run for the dressing room and demanded to know what was the matter this time. It was pointed out to him that the orange of Princeton and the red ribbon of the New York Athletic Club, placed side by side across his breast made a beautiful Spanish flag, and the crowd had been quick to note it. Johnny did not compete in any more games that day.

"I was talking to Johnny about it the other in the state of the correct the worst when he

Johnny did not compete in any more games that day.

"I was talking to Johnny about it the other day, and he said he feared the worst when he ran in the games in London and also in the Paris games. He was positive that the colors he would wear would in some strange manner affect the foreigners as a red flag does a bull in a one-acre lot. He hoped for the best, he said, and I will bet one thing: Whether it does happen or not, Johnny will run just as fast as ever, for yells from the crowd do not affect him in any way. He just goes in and wins."

# DRIVEN FROM ANTICOSTI.

Sad Plight of the Fox Bay Settlers Who Must

Leave Their Homes. Quebec, June 22.—Under the color of British law a colony of hard-working, industrious and peace-loving British subjects has at last been forcibly deported from its home on Anticosti, at the bidding of the French millionaire chocolate maker, Henri Menier, who claims the sovereignty of the island by right of purchase. There was an appeal from the judgment of the local court ordering the expulsion from the island of these people, but it was not allowed, although one of the Judges who confirmed the order could not resist the temptation to emphasize the cruelty of the act he was unable to prevent, but dwelt upon their houses and all that they held dear, including the little forefathers, and commended them to the charity of the Government.

So the order of the Court had to be executed, and some of the circumstances connected with the driving of these people from their homes vividly recall those recorded by Longfellow in "Evangeline," in connection with the expulsion of the Acadians. The Island of Anticosti is 130 miles long and has a population of only a few hundred sonis. The deported families, some thirteen in all, occupied a few poor houses that they had themselves erected about one of the little bays when they were invited by a former proprietor of the island a quarter of a century ago to come over from Newfoundland and settle there and prosecute the fishing industry about the coast. But they had no legal title to the ground on which they placed their houses and the little building that served them for church and schoolhouse. The French millionaire did not need the land that these people occupied, but he was determined to get them off the island and he has succeeded.

The convention of the Methodist Church of Canada, to which body the people belong, espoused their cause very warmly and a lawyer was engaged to fight their case, but without success. When it was made clear that Mr. Menier insisted upon the pound of flesh, the Government of the Dominion was appealed to and gave the disposes each people free lots of l QUEBEC, June 22.-Under the color of British law a colony of hard-working, industrious and peace-loving British subjects has at last

virtually no children at school, not even in Havana and the larger cities. Most of the parochial schools, even, were disbanded, and in a population of about a million and a half the education of the children was quite forgotten. In November, 1899, after almost year of American occupation, the reports showed a nominal school enrollment of only about 40,000 pupils. To the Cuban Secretary of Justice and Public Instruction in Ger Brooke's Cabinet had been intrusted the work of drawing up a School law, but it had beer drafted along the lines of the Spanish régime and its schedule was an impossible one, pre senting such manifest absurdities as the teach

Down to this time the enforcement of lay and order and various strictly sanitary and military problems had occupied the energies of the American officials in Havana, but it was now evident that the serious matter of founding a system of public schools could no longer be delayed. It was then that Mr Frye came to Cuba at the suggestion of the Secretary of War and on the invitation of Gen. Brooke, whose personal friend he was. Mr. Frye investigated conditions thoroughly and made an unofficial report to Gen. Brooke. It was plain that nothing could be done without a new and practical School law. One ho evening Mr. Frye went home and worked till morning by the light of the candles. The nex day he took a workable law to Gen. Brooke. It was promptly signed by the Cuban Secre tary of Justice and Public Instruction, and a last the foundation was laid. From that hour to this no changes have been made in the law. by Gen. Brooke or Gen. Wood, and its success is assured

ing of higher mathematics to children of 10.

The field was now clear for Mr. Frye's work and he set about it with characteristic energy He had previously volunteered to serve fly years in the Philippines without pay, and he offered his services here on the same terms A salary of \$5,000 was offered but declined A salary of \$5.000 was offered but declined. He is now receiving the same salary as his first assistant. \$2.500, but he has never kept for his own use any portion of this, devoting it each month to relief work among the more needy schools. Mr. Frye is unusually well endowed for his work, both by temperament and training. His energy is remarkable; his patience boundless; his courage and cheerfulness unfailing. From the beginning he has labored early and late; his overtaxed system gave way during his recent trip to the United States, when he perfected the plans for the teachers' excursion, and he lay ill for sometime in Boston, but even from his sick bed he dictated correspondence, and gave directions

teachers' excursion, and he lay ill for some time in Boston, but even from his sick bed he dictated correspondence and gave directions for carrying out the plan.

Mr. Frye is a graduate of Harvard, has been principal of the Quincy. Mass., High School, and Superintendent of Schools in California, and a teacher of methods in the Chicago Normal School. He has lectured before teachers' associations in nearly every State in the Union, and is the author of a round dozen of successful text books. His home is now in southern California, where he is engaged in the raising of horses and the culture of oranges.

At the beginning Mr. Frye met with violent opposition on the part of the Cubans. They fancied that his sole object in establishing a public school system, avowedly based on that of the United States, was unduly to Americanize the Cubans and further annexation. Washington was besieged with protests, and letters and petitions against the new system poured in from all sources for weeks. During that period Mr. Frye was the most cordially hated American on the island. Then the bubble of opposition collapsed and the reaction set in. To-day the flood tide of native enthusiasm over Mr. Frye and his work is at its height, the present appreciation of him being commensurate with the abuse which was heaped on his head at first. The revulsion of popular feeling was natural enough. Mr. Frye simply went steadily shead, receiving with smiling cheer-

ment and the state of the state

THE NEW CUBA'S SCHOOLS.

3.000 OF THEM NOW ORGANIZED WITH 140.000 PUPILS.

Practically No Educational System on the Laland When the Americans Took Control Vast Labor of Organization Done by Alexis E. Frye—The Teachers' Visit. Havana, June 18.—For months Cuba has been in a ferment over the coming excursion of teachers to the United States, This remarkable enterprise was planned by Alexis E verett Frye, supprintendent of the Cuban schools, and may be regarded as in the nature of a climax to the work he has been doing on the island.

The organization of an educational system was one of the most serious problems which confronted the American administration of the island when it took hold. The problem was not to remodel (an existing system, since there was no system to remodel; it was to build anew, from the ground up. At the close of the Spanish-American War there were virtually no children at school, not even in

The only cost to each teacher will be traveling expenses to the seaport from which the transport will sail, and incidental individual outlay. The women teachers will have accommodations in the homes of private citizens; the men will be lodged in the dormitories. The women will dine in the beautiful Memorial Hall and another large new building, with spacious reading rooms and parlors in charge of a Cuban woman, has been especially prepared as a meeting and resting place for them. The Government transports on which they will sail are the Burnside, the McPherson, the McClellan, the Crook and the Sedgwick-Sailing day is June 25.

Soon after the excursion was announced a discovery was made on the part of certain persons here that it would be highly improper for several hundred young Cuban women to go in bestien to the United States under the guitable to the United States under t

a discovery was made on the part of certain persons here that it would be highly improper for several hundred young Cuban women to go junketing to the United States under the guise of an educational excursion unchaperoned and without the restraining influences and moral benefits supposed to attach to constant espionage. This discovery was followed by a general outbreak in the Cuban press, which lasted for about ten days, Mr. Frye being once more placed under fire, while the usual threats were paced under fire, while the usual threats were made to issue an appeal "signed by the best citizens of Cuba," to be presented to Gen. Wood, forbidding the trip. In the meantime hundreds of letters were pouring in on Mr. Frye every day from teachers all over the island, chiefly women, imploring to be taken on the excursion and urging every possible reason why they personally should be included. Then it was discovered that Mr. Frye had provided a number of Cuban women to accompany the party as chaperons. The sudden bubble of opposition was pricked once more and preparations for the excursion are now going forward.

#### CATCHING THE ALBATROSS. The Absence of Fear of Man in This Great and Famous Sea Bird.

From the Cornhill Magazine. the time that we had approached Tristar da Cunha three or four species of albatross had congregated round the ship, as many as thirty birds settling on the water astern in a manne highly satisfactory for close and continuou observation. After half a gale of wind a lul not infrequently occurs, when the speed is reduced to two or three knots: then the hungry creatures literally clamor for foood. Directly a bird intends to alight the legs appear straddling downward in ungainly fashion—a moment when even an albatross looks like an ill balanced goose of unwieldy size. For half a minute it runs along the surface of the waves, treading water, so to speak, until the enormous wings become manageable. Then the bird swims with both wings thrown back like a pair of laten sails, a very argonaut on the translucent sea. At length the difficulty is overcome, the wings are packed away, and—like a large gull—it rides the waves with consummate case. Sometimes it paddles to and fro, or, again, it dives gracefully beneath the surface after squids or similar ocean dainties. Half a dozen birds, perhaps, gravely assemble to inspect an empty beer bottle thrown overboard, to bob up and down idly on the waves, and inquisitive not infrequently occurs, when the speed is re-

birds, perhaps, gravely assemble to inspect an empty beer bottle thrown overboard, to bob up and down idly on the waves, and inquisitive bills peck vigorously at the unsatisfactory flotsam, until a battle royal disperses the family party. The wiser ones meanwhile hover in midair, craning their necks to throw penetrating glances from a superior height.

With the birds settling by the dozen, it is easy enough to capture specimens for examination without causing injury or pain. Any sharply barbed hook is altogether superfluous. The albatrosses absolutely enjoy the excitement, and the sport obtained is not without a novel interest. A small metal frame should be made in the shape of a hollow triangle, attached to a hundred yards of stout line, and kept affoat by a good-sized piece of cork. The sides of the metal frame are then covered with bits of fat pork, the hard skin of which is securely bound thereto; the bait is thrown astern, and the line is slowly paid out. Presently a great albatross swoops through the air, impelled by curiosity to investigate the nature of the floating cork. It settles before the dainty morsel of food, numbers of birds follow suit, each one made bold by competition, and then the sport begins. At this moment additional line must be given in order to compensate for the progression of the ship, thus enabling the bird to selze the desired food. With a sudden rush

sel of food, numbers of birds follow snit, each one made bold by competition, and then the sport begins. At this moment additional line must be given in order to compensate for the progression of the ship, thus enabling the bird to selze the desired food. With a sudden rush the supreme effort is made. Once or twice the attempt proves ineffectual, but, rendered bold by greediness. a final grab finds the curved bill securely wedged inside the apex of the triangle, as the ferce tugs on the line quickly indicate. Steadily the haul is made hand over hand, until a helpless albatross is bodily lifted on to the poop in an absolutely uniniured condition. A slackened line enables the bird to excape, and if scattered wits permitted such an effort, sudden flight would also obtain release. The other birds invariably commence to attack a captured comrade, a steady pull being required, even if the line does cut your hands, to save it from its friends.

Once safely on deck, the mandibles are tied together, for otherwise the bird throws up an oily fluid, a disagreeable habit possessed by all the tribe. Subject to this precaution, it may wander gravely around to survey the new horizon of life. The large eyes gaze with a truly pathetic confidence, expressive of anything but fear. It is a strange spectacle to witness the inquisitive bird solemnly waddle to and fro among the equally inquisitive human beings around. True, it objects slightly to the process of measurement, pecking sharply by way of protest, but a gentle box on the ear soon induces submission as the dimensions are rapidly noted, the albatross meanwhile reposing affectionately in the arms of the second officer. The specimen happens to be a small one, but the wing expansion from tip to tip is no less than 10 feet; the extreme length of body is 3 feet 6 inches and the formidable bill measures upward of 4 inches. Everything about the great wandering albatross (D. exulans) is vast—the wings are enormous; the flight is received by his endernesh, imped and the beauty of the

# JUST A CRANK.

Complains That a Child Hasn't Clothes Enough. and Makes a Scene on Broadway.

A woman walked down Broadway about 10 clock last night leading a child in a light summer dress by the hand. Near Thirtieth street an elderly man walked up to her and

street an eiderly man warged up to her and angrily seized her arm.

"Madam," he said, "what do you mean by taking a child of tender years about the streets when it is insufficiently clothed?"

"Mind your own business," snapped the woman. "I guess I know how to take care of my child.

"Mind your own business." snapped the woman. "I guess I know how to take care of my child.

The man continued to hold her, arguing that the child should have more clothing, until a crowd gathered. The woman at last got away from him and continued her walk. The man followed. The wcman stopped and bought a peach. She bit a piece out of it and then let the child bite too.

"This is too much." exclaimed the man, rushing up to her and taking her by the arm again. "First you bring a child out on the street in a half dressed condition and then you give it green peaches to eat. I believe you want to kill it. Police! Police!"

When a policeman arrived the man explained his compliant against the woman. The policeman looked the child over and decided that its clothing was amply sufficient. He offered to arrest the man for disorderly conduct if the woman would make a complaint.

"Let him go," said the woman, "I do not like notoriety."

"Git t'ell outer here, youse, then," said the notoriety."
"Git t'ell outer here, youse, then," said the bluecoat, and the man got.

CURED THE MATE OF RUM

ONE RESULT OF THE VOYAGE OF THE OFFICE BOY. He Was Asleep on the Main Hatch and the

Mate Was Drunk-Then Something Happened to Sober Up the Mate and Save the Ship-The Mate Cured the Boy of Some Things, Too, So Things Were Even. "Wuz I ever at sea? W'y, certainly. What as? Boy, of course -d'yer t'ink I wuz cap'm? Cabin boy? Naw-jest plain boy before de mas'. How can I prove it? Nor', nor' b'east, nor' nor' eas', nor' eas' be nor', nor' eas'; nor eas' b' eas', eas' nor' eas', eas' be nor', eas'

dat's enough ter show yer I can box de com pass. Now, den, mains'l, lower main-tons' upper main-tops'l, main-togans'l, main royal dem's de sails on de mainm'st. Poop deck. booby hatch, lee scuppers, mart'ngale-is dat enough?-bowlin' on a bight, fore top, Spanish windlass, Ready about! Hard a-lee Main-tops'l haul! (Sings.)

De doctor come down to de Liverpool dock, Heave ho an' blow de man down.

"I guess dat shown ver I bin ter sea, don't it?" The bookkeeper said he thought it did. Then easked the new office boy some more questions. "Naw, I didn't run away. Me folks has money, see? I wuz goin' to a military academy an' de principal told me fadder I was too tough an' he couldn't do nuthin' wid me, so dey sent me off ter sea. I wuz gone nine mont's. We took kerersene oil ter Singapore, ballast to Iloilo and sugar home. Dere wuz nothin in it, so I quit. It wuz good fur a experience but dat's all. I cured de mate of whiskey an' he cured me of some things, so I guess it about a horse apiece between him an' me I will say dis, dough: A mate lays 'way over de principal of a military school fer bringin a bad boy 'round. I'm all right now. I talks tough, dat's all, but dat'll wear off like de tar on me hands. I jest got back last mont an' now I'm goin' in fer a legitimate business. "You will doubtless be successful," remarked

badly? "I can't say he did. It don't hurt none now anyhow. De mate wuz all right an' we soon come ter understan' one another. Me fadder took me down ter de ship in a hack wid me sea chest strapped on behind. It was a bark, but I calls it a ship. Den me fadder says, 'Goodby, an' be a good boy, an' drove off, leavin me wid de mate. De mate he leoked me over fer awhile an' den he says:

the bookkeeper. "Did the mate treat you

"'Git dem Fi'th avenoo clothes offen yer an tote dat wood ver see on de main hatch in ter degalley. An' git a move on'.

"Me chest wuz full of blue jeans-dungare jumpers we calls 'em, an' flannel shirts an' boots an' every t'ing wat I wanted 'cept dere wasn' no hat-dey had forgot dat. So I had ter put on me soldier cap wot I had wored when I come aboard. When de mate seed me he said: 'Wher 'd yer git dat lid?'

"'Dat's memilitary cap,' I says. "'T'row it overboard; we don't soiers aboard dis ship', says de mate.

"'I can't,' I says, 'it's all I got.' " "T'row it overboard, I says,' says de mate pickin' up a piece of wood an' fannin' me aroun de deck. So I t'rows de cap overboard. " 'Now we don't fool ourselves,' says de mate,

an.' be jees, we didn't from dat time on.' "You mean the mate effected a cure." re marked the bookkeeper.

"Dat's wat he did. Dey's no way gittin' way from a mate aboard a ship. Me fust run in wid him showed me dat when he said fer me ter do a thing it wuz best fer me ter do it. We got ter be good fren's after we got fairly started on our voyage. His name wuz Kelly an' he come from Cape Cod. If he told me onst he told me a hundred times dat he wasn't Irish. But he could fight like a Irishman. I seen him one time in de harbor of Singapore knock a sailor offen de fo'castle fer givin' him some back talk. Den he jumped down on de man an' dey rolled, clawin' an' biffin' an' cussin' clean down ter de scuppers an' when dey got dere de mate wuz on top, lammin' de life outen de man till he hollered 'nough.

"I made de gran' mistake of tellin' de mate dat me folks had money.

"I'w much will you git when your fadder croaks?' said de mate ter me one night durin' de middle watch.

"'About a hundred t'ousan'. I says, which wiz a lie. If I git ten t'ousan'. I'm lucky. But I t'ought I'd put it up ter der mate fer effeck.

"Hully chee!' says de mate, 'how long does I have ter work at 345 a mon't ter make dat?'

"'A hundred an' sixty years,' I says after figurin' it out. on our voyage. His name wuz Kelly an' he

red an sixty years, I says after

It ought I'd put it up ter der mate fer effeck.

"Hully cheef" says de mate, 'how long does I have ter work at \$45 a mon't ter make dat?

"A hundred an' sixty years,' I says after figurin' it out.

"An' how long would it take you at \$9 a mon't ter make it? he says.

"Eaght hundred an' thirty years,' I says.

"Eight hundred an' thirty years,' I says.

"Dat's better,' he says, 'but if I gits ter be cap'm at \$100 a mont' I'll be satisfied.' he says an I guess he would cause all he knows is about trunnin' a ship. But de money I wuz goin' ter git made him dead sore an every time I didn't do everyt'ing right he booted me roun' de deck an' yelled: 'Hooray fer de son of a millionaire!' De mate wuz ail O. K. dough, even if he did used ter drink somp'm awful durin de night watches wen de cap'm had turned in."

"You said you cured him; how did that come about?" asked the bookkeeper.

"Well, it don't seem like much, but I cured him jest de same an' it wuzn't till we wuz homeward bound. One night we wuz close on to de Madagascar coast—de place where dey have de typhoons. It wuz de middle watch, along about four bells, an' de mate wuz tanked up fer fair. He couldn't stan' on his feet an' had ter hang on de wedder main riggin' ter keep from topplin' over on de deck. Every little while he d take a pull outen a bottle he carried in his pocket. I wuz layin' on de main hatch lookin' up at de stars and bime-by I goes of inter a snooze. I wuz waked up by hozzin' de mate say: 'Boy!' but I wuz sleepy an' didn' pay no attention, thinkin' he'd ferget about he wanted me, knowin' he wuz drunk. He called fer me again, but I didn't answer an' den he seen him crawl along de wedder rail to de place where de steps goes down to de main deck an' den he spies me layin' on de hatch.

"Boy!' he yells again, I don't know wat come over me, but I jest lought I'd make believe I wuz asleep, so I jest laid there wid my eyes nearly closed.

"De millionaire's asleep, hay,' I heard de mate munble to hisself. "Bfil,' he says to one of dewatch, 'draw me a bu

"Boy!"
"I kept on makin' b'lieve I wuz asleep an' de mate says:
"My God, de boy mus' be dead! Shake him up dere, some o' you men.' Dey shooked me up and I rubbed me eyes.
"Bring him up here,' says de mate. De sailors grabbed me an' hustled me up on de poop deck an' den de mate says:
"What t'ell's de matter wid yer?
"Nut'n, I says, I wuz asleep."
"Yer wuz, hay, ' says der mate, 'an' did yer feel al little bit wet?'
"Naw,' I says, I' didn't feel no wet.'
"Come here, yer son of a millionaire,' says de mate, 'an' let me feel how yer feel.' Wid dat he passes his han' over me front. Den he brings his other han' roun' an' feels me all over from me chest ter me ankles. Den he makes a grab at de main riggin' an' stan's dere a minit lookin', vacant like, an' den, s'elp me, he turns an' walks aft as straight as a foremas' an' disappears in de cabin. He wuzent gone half a minit when up he jumps t'rough de companion way an' yells:
"Let run de main royal haliards! Call all han's ter shorten sail! Git aloft dere, boy, an' roll up dat royal! On de jump, everybedy!"
"Well, sir, it wuz as war man' nice a night as yer ever see, wid jest enough breeze ter keep her heelin". I 'tought de mate wuz nutty, but de sailors knowed better. Dey jumped faster dan I ever seen em' before an 'I gits scared, too, an' hustles up aloft as fast as I can. I gits de main royal stowed in de bunt an' wuz jest passin' de gasket 'roun' de wedder yard when de win' begins ter siz. I finishes me job quick an' by the time I gits down on de crosstrees ter tie up the mizzen to'gal'n' stays'l de mate's watch had furled the mainto'gans'l. Gee whiz, but it wuz a-blowin' den all right all right. De second mate's watch wuz tien' up de for 'ard sails an' de cap'm wuz standin' on deck in his night shirt yellin' fer all han's ter look lively.
"It kep' on blowin' harder an' harder an'

blow de hair offen yer head. An' all de time de moon wuz a-shinin'an' de stars wuz out an' wat wid de win' blowin' de sea inter foam it looked like we wuz sleigh ridin', 'cept we wuzent. I ain't strong enough ter be any good helpin' on any thing bigger dan a to'gans'l, so I comesdown an' begins ter coil up de ropes. All han's run forard ter man de jib downhaul, but before dey can git dere dere wuz a report like a cannon shot an' de jib wuz blown clean outen de bolt ropes. Den the nex' minit de fore stays'l sheet parted at de block an' de chain sheet whipped 'rough de air an' comin' back hit one o' de sailors on de han', cuttin' off his four fingers clean. We squared away de yards an' run before de win' an' den de fore stays'l wuz hauled down. Before we got 'frough we had every rag offen de ship 'cept de lower fore tops'l an' fer five hours we run before de biggest blow o' win' I ever want ter see. Finally she begin ter quiet down an' we makes sail an' brings de ship head up on de course agin.

"Be nex' night de mate calls me up on de poop deck an' says:

"Boy dat wuz a awful typhoon we had las'

deck an' says:

"Boy, dat wuz a awful typhoon we had las'
night. I wuz drunk an' if somp'n hadn't happened ter sober me up an' make me look at de
barometer in de nick er time dat win' would ha barometer in de nick er time dat win would ha' carried every stick in de ship overboard. I sin't sayin' wat it wuz dat sobered me up, but I'm t'rough wid booze'. An' wid dat he hauls out his bottle an' chucks it over de lou'ard rail." "He didn't know how you became dry so quickly," remarked the bookkeeper. "No, an' he never will," replied the office boy.

#### SOME CAT STORIES.

Feline Sympathies and Love of Approbation A Negro Superstition.

It is small wonder the old Egyptians deified and mummified cats. Even in these times puss is a mighty uncanny bundle of fur. claws and antipathies. Occasionally, but only occasionally, she has also sympathies.

Beyond all other animals, her affection

capricious and time-serving. One pampered tortoise shell tyrant always manifested the most silken and lofty indifference for her owner, except upon the days when he said casually: "I think I shall go fishing." No matter what she was doing, lapping cream or washing her face in the sunshine, as soon as she heard that she ran to him, rubbad herself against his legs and set up a loud purring. She seemed to know where he had gone and watched for his return, often meeting him at the outer gate. half a mile from the house. If a string of perch and trout dangled at his saddle bow, she ran before him to the door, mewing delight. If he had been unlucky, after one long, disdainful stare, she slunk off into the woods and was invisible until the next day. Unless she got a once her fill of fish it was hardly worth while to dream of having any for breakfast the next morning. They were kept in the ice house some distance away from the kitchen, and try as the cook might to fasten it securely, the marauding tortoise shell commonly cleaned the platter some time in the night. Then it was beautiful to see the look of meekly insolent innocence she were the next morning

Another cat, a gray tiger striped grimalkin, loved fish quite as well, but disdained to depend on stealing for the gratification of her taste. She became a fisherman on her own account. A small creek ran through her home plantation, and at one point in it an elm tree sent a long root out just at the surface of a pool. Perch and suckers haunted the pool, especially when the stream got low. The gray cat would crouch upon the root for a half day at a time, as motionless as the wood itself, eyes seemingly closed, tail tucked snugly at one side, the pattern of sleepy content. Then maybe a midge or beetle dropped into the stream and an incautious fish darted to seize it. He was quick, but the gray cat was quicker. In a wink she had him in her claws, dragged him to the bank in spite of his flounderings and devoured him with a ferocious delight.

Still she was not without stirrings of generosity. There was a little boy on the plantation who played with her on her days off and sometimes gave her a mixmow of his own catching. It fell out one spring, just as dogwoods were in blossom, when, as all the world knows, is the witching time for fishing, that the little fellow hurt his foot and was kept a prisoner in his chair through as fortnight. One day the gray cat leaped through the window and laid a fish, half esten, at his feet, looking up at him the while with anxious eyes and waving an inquiring fail.

This is the feline way of asking questions, account. A small creek ran through her home

ish, haif eaten, at his feet, tooking up at him the while with anxious eyes and waving an inquiring tail.

This is the feline way of asking questions, especially about its own conduct, waving the tail from side to side. A very big black puss loved to fight and catch rats as well as any terrier. She was afraid of no rat that ever had a hole, and gave her days and nights to battling with them. But she never so much as gnawed one of her captives. She killed scientifically, by a quick crunch at the back of the neck. Her favorite hunting ground was round about the corn cribs, where rais were very plenty and very fat. It was no uncommon thing for her to finish seven big fellows in a night. When they were dead she lugged them all carefully to the house, a distance of 200 yards, laid them upon the back steps and set up a mewing that would not be queted until her master came out, counted the dead rate and praised and petted her for her good night's

yards, laid them upon the back steps and set up a mewing that would not be quieted until her master came out, counted the dead rate and praised and petted her for her good night's work. Then, and then only, her tail ceased from waving, she pushed the vermin disdainfully aside with a fore foot and went in to doze on the rug and wait for breakfast.

Another plantation cat was deprived of all her kittens but one in the morning. In the afternoon her young master brought in three very young squirrels captured out in the clearing. He laid the little animals down on the rug in front of the fire, saying something about being sorry the nest had been disturbed. The words were still in his mouth when the bereft cat caught up one squirrel and darted off with it to the box that held her remaining kitten. In a minute she came back for the second and then for the third. When all were safe in the box she remained invisible until morning. Her owners thought she had supped on the tender squirrels. They found out that instead she had adopted the orphans. In a week the little woodlanders were frisking about the floor tamer than the kitten and much more active. Trouble and fun began when they were big enough to go out doors. The yard was full of very tall trees, oaks and hickories, up and down which the foundlings scampered in the wildest glee. It was both odd and pitiful to see the anxious cat running about on the ground, looking up at them, and mewing piteous recalls, which did no good at all. Once or twice she resorted to heroic measures, ran up the trees herself and soundly cuffed the truants. But, though she could climb as well as any squirrel of them all, she did not like the exercise, so after a while she let the ingrates go their own way. When they were on the grounds he tried very hard to make kittens of them, to take them to eat mice, to catch them, to wash their faces properly, and sleep on their heads. But when she discovered them eating nuts and birds' eggs she washed her paws of them—possibly wishing that in the begin

of it bristling and mewing until driven away.

#### TRUNKS WERE WANTED After a While He Got a Chance to Indicate

His Preference of Varieties. From the Chicago Daily News.

tall floorwalker found him wandering round the big store as though bewildered. "Have you been waited on, sir?" "No. I would like to see some trunks." "Trunks? Yes, sir! Simmons, take this

gentleman up on the elevator and show him our new display of trunks." Simmons, a smart clerk with a chip diamond Simmons, a smart clerk with a chip diamond and a ten-story collar, piloted the customer to the trunk department.

"Here they are, sir," began Simmons in a rapid-fire tone of voice. "Everything in trunks that a person could possibly wish. We carry exclusive styles and sell more than any other house in the city."

"I am afraid you do not understand me."

"Oh, yes, I do. How's this trunk over here?"
"Really, sir, I—"

"Oh, I see; you wish something larger. Going down to the sea, eh? Well, I wish I had the time to go. But what do you think of this size?"

"I do not—"

"Still wish something larger? Well, I guess you are right; a man cannot be too careful with his stiff hats, &c. Ever hear that joke about a man buying a 4x8 trunk to carry his toothbrush in? But how is this trunk?"

"If you will only—"
"Let you do your own selecting? Of course I."

in? But how is this trunk?"

"If you will only—"
"Let you do your own selecting? Of course I will! I have been presumptuous in even suggesting. But what do you think of this white enamelled trunk? Isn't it a beauty?"

"I do not—"
"Too fancy, eh? Well, I guess you are right. Something durable would suit you better. Here is something that will defy a railroad collision."

"If you will only listen—"
"I guess you don't wish this old-style, round top?".

"I guess you don't wish this old-style, round top?"
I don't wish any—
"Then you'd like to see some satchels?"
"No, sir, I don't wish any satchels."
"Well, sir, I always try to be courteous, but there is a limit to patience."
"There is a limit to mipe. I have been trying to tell you that I wished to see some bathing to tell you that I wished to see some bathing trunks for the last twenty minutes."
"Bathing trunks? Well, to think that I have been standing here all this time for nothing."
And then the smart clerk turned on his heel and left the customer to find the bathing trunks in the "genta" furnishin' depart."

### NEW WAR MATERIAL

RANGE-FINDING SHRAPNEL, AND THE IMPROVED TELEPHOTOGRAPH.

apt. Pierucci of the Italian Army Devises a Shrapnel Emitting a Smoke Cloud-It Gives Out Red Smoke That Lasts Thirty Seconds, Long Enough to Get the Range. Smokeless powder undoubtedly has its advantages, but (for certain purposes at least) also its disadvantages. As a charge in the chamber of a gun for propelling the projecile, it has only advantages; but as a bursting charge for shell or shrappel it combines with he advantageous quality of projecting the fragments or bullets with high velocities, the disadvantageous quality of showing little smoke, and therefore preventing observation of the exact location of the point of burst

so essential to correct ranging.

Now, in an ordinary shell it would not be difficult to add a combustible which would give good smoke cloud for facilitating observation; but in shrappel in which we desire 5. have as many fragments and bullets as possible thrown with sufficient velocity over & reasonably great distance, the difficulty is to find the necessary room without interfering with these desirable qualities. At the same time artillerists are striving for a single pro-

jectile for field pieces - the shrapnel. The difficulty of determining the range, using only shrapnel with time fuses for firing. has induced a number of experiments by artillerists in various countries. One of the latest and most successful inventions along this line is the smoke shrapnel of Capt. Pieruod of the Italian artiflery. This shrapnel, on bursting, gives a smoke cloud which is dis-

of the Italian artillery. This shrapnel, on bursting, gives a smoke cloud which is distinctly visible from the firing battery, and remains visible sufficiently long to enable the battery commander accurately to locate the point of burst horizontally with reference to the target, and thus enables him to determine the range of the target at any time.

Capt. Pierucci's projectile is constructed like an ordinary shrapnel. At the point of the projectile is the time fuse, in the forward portion the bullets are packed, and a tube along the axis communicates the flame from the fuse to a bursting charge of ballistite (the Italian smokeless powder), in rear of the bullets. This bursting charge is placed in two equal portions (twenty-five grammes each) in two chambers separated by a partition, but communicating by an opening at the centre. In rear of the bursting charge is a case containing the smoke-troducing material, to which flame is communicated by a number of openings (eight) from the bursting charge is a case containing the smoke-troducing material, to which flame is communicated by a number of openings (eight) from the bursting charge chambers.

The moment the fuse is fired the ballistite in both chambers is exploded simultaneously, and the walls being very thick, they resist the pressure, while the bullets in front are sent on with increased velocity. The partition between the two ballistite chambers retains its original velocity (that of the projectile), while the pressure to the rear forces loose the case containing the smoke-producing material and causes it to lose the velocity it had done to the motion of the projectile), and to drop nearly vertically from the point of burst down to the ground, it has solved the great problem for field artillery, viz.: The furnishing the means for the determination of the range and the position of the target.

Telephotography in Marpare.

TELEPHOTOGRAPHY IN WARFARE. Another New Device for Reconnoissance Work -Lines Where It Will Be Useful.

Wireless telegraphy, the heliograph and the balloon find their most important military application in reconnoissance work. With these aids and accessories it would appear that there is to-day very little excuse for a leader of troops not knowing the position of the enemy, or the configuration of the ground on a prospective battlefield, as has been the case so often in South Africa. Science and invention together, however, have added still another aid, one that promises to be of immense value, namely, the telephoto lens. Telephotography is the art of taking, by

special and variable long focus telescopic lena, optically adjusted to the lens of a good photographic camera, photographs of objects long distance off as if the operator were conparatively close to them. Consequently, an object five or ten miles away, which, by ordinary photography would cover on the photograph a space an inch square, can be made to cover, by telephotography, a space sixteen, thirty-two or sixty-four inches square, depending on the magnifying power of the lens and

thirty-two or sixty-four inches square, depending on the magnifying power of the lens and the size of the camera used. The advantage of this is apparent, for a telephotograph of an enemy's position gives a commanding officer a bird's eye view of the ground, of the enemy's forces and their positions, of his trenches and gun emplacements, all accurately drawn to scale and on a sheet of a size convenient for study and reference. The range of such a lens is practically unlimited and useful photographs are readily obtained at distances beyond gun range; moreover, balloons can be utilized for obtaining views from above the surface of the earth.

The telephoto-lens was invented about ten years ago, and placed on the market by Dallmeyer in England. Duboscq in France and Meithe in Germany. Experiments with light instruments were made by the Intelligence Department in England as early as 1892, but the climatic conditions and the fact that the climatic conditions and the fact that the elephoto camera was then in its infancy, and consequently very defective, caused it to be condemned by the War Office at the time, Experiments were continued, however, and improvements gradually increased its practical use. In the Chino-Japanese war of 1894 it was used for the first time in actual warfare, and one of the Japanese officers obtained some excellent telephotographs of the naval battle off the Yalu River. One of these, of the large Chinese man-of-war Tie-yen, taken at a distance of over forty miles, and those taken beyond artillery range (ten miles) are on a sufficiently large scale to be of practical use.

The uses to which the valuable adjunct could be put are whitous. The navy, for example, could use it to obtain photographs of foreign const defences from beyond the three-mile limit. The land army, by taking a series of photographs of the enemy's line at different times during an attack of a siege, would find this a valuable means, not only of locating his positions, but also of discovering fresh interenchments that may have b

MARRIED IN A HACK. In That Way the Happy Pair Were Enabled to Catch the Train.

An unusual marriage ceremony took place on Sunday, May 27, in Jeffersonville. About 6:30 o'clock of that evening an open back con-6:30 o'clock of that evening an open hack containing a handsomely dressed man and a striking looking young woman was driven up in front of Magistrate Warder's office on Spring street. The gentleman called the Magistrate out and whispered to him that he desired a marriage to the young woman at his side.

Magistrate Warder, in a few seconds, was seated in the hack with the couple and the party sped out Spring street and up Maph to the County Clerk's residence. On the way, people looked after the hack. They remarked upon the beauty of the woman. The license was obtained from the clerk, and then the prospective groom, as the hack started back, looked at his watch and observed that they wanted to catch a Pennsylvania train out of Louisyille for Chicago at 8:30.

"Marry us as we to down the street," said the impatient young man.

"Join hands." said the Magistrate, and, as the hack moved rapidly down the street in the direction of the river, they were married.

Arriving at the river just in time for the

in the direction of the river, they were married.

Arriving at the river just in time for the 7:30 boat, the bridegroom dismissed the Magistrate, handing him two bills. They were a pair of twenties. Forty dollars is the record in Jeffersonville.

No amount of coaxing could induce the Magistrate to tell the names of the couple. He shid that the strictest secrecy had been enjoined upon him by them. Yesterday, however, the County Clerk made his report of the marriage licenses issued in the month of May. It was learned then that the people were William Robinson and Lillian Craig.

Magistrate Warder thinks they are the call people.